

THE VOICES OF THE
DUNES

AND OTHER ETCHINGS

EARL H. REED

My dear Mr Langford

An Etching should I think carry
some message - If it is a mere record of
fact it cannot live - but if there be a
song in it which touches some heart
the effort is not lost -

Yours sincerely
Ernest Hemingway

Mich/1913

THE VOICES OF THE DUNES

AND OTHER ETCHINGS

BY

EARL H. REED



376

ALDERBRINK PRESS

THE RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR COMPANY

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PREFACE

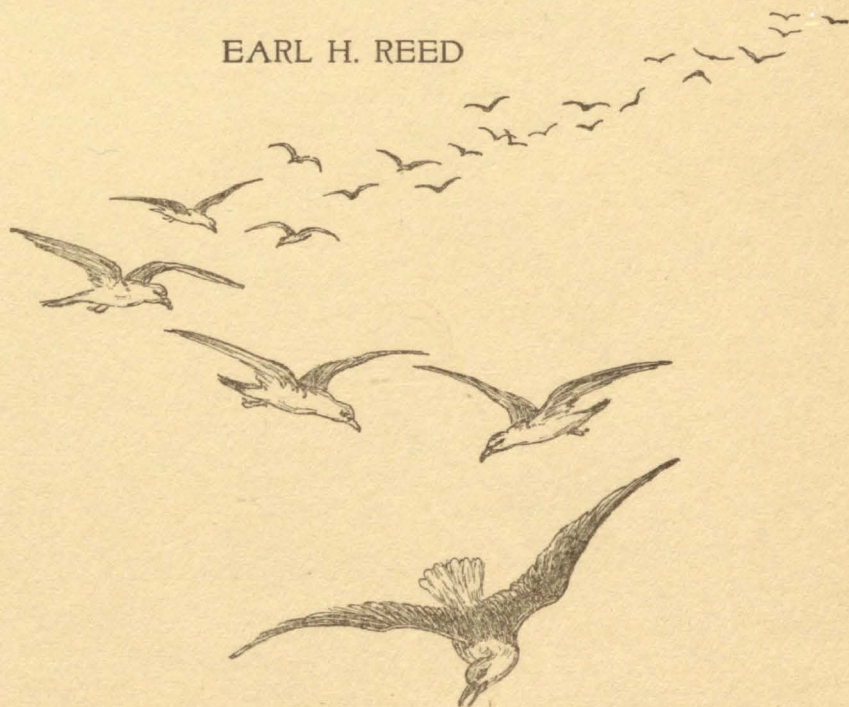


THE etchings in this book are reproductions in photogravure, and have been reduced in most instances to meet the requirements of the page. The book is published in response to the expressed desire of many who have wished to possess the etchings in a more accessible form than is afforded by the larger original signed proofs.

My acknowledgements and thanks are due to the kind friends who have carried out the themes of some of the plates in the lines accompanying them.

The etching needle is a fascinating medium of poetic expression. The inspiration of some of the subjects came from among the sandy wastes along the shores of our great lake. Most of them are simply compositions and have no reference to particular places. They are children of fancy, and as such they go out into the world.

EARL H. REED



THE BEAUTY AND THE ART WHICH WE
CAN FIND IN THE WORLD AROUND US WILL
HELP US THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

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THE VOICES OF THE DUNES



*MUSIC is everywhere:
No place so bleak and bare
But hath a gentle spirit
To sustain and cheer it;
And even these sad dunes
Have their enchanting tunes*

*That crowd the seasons full—
The wind, the wave, the gull,
And here and there some grass,
Sighing as zephyrs pass.*

*So, even Grief doth find
Some solace for her mind;
She hath her music, too,
Although its notes are few—
The fountain of her tears
And some few hopes and fears
That sigh, or sweetly croon
Some dear remembered rune,
That once, ere life turned gray,
Was Love's own roundelay.*

Charles G. Blanden.

(Written for the Etching)

PLATE I



The Voices of the Dunes
R. E. D. 09

HERALDS OF THE STORM



*HE shoulders of the dunes are white,
But winter winds, fraught with the
might
Of the great inland seas, shall sweep
Across them; weighed with a white
more deep,
'Neath snows Enceladus shall sleep.*

(Written for the Etching)

Julia Cooley



A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA



THE power of the sea ends with its shores, but when its bounds are reached, beyond which it cannot go, it sends its white-winged messenger, as in the form of expressed thought the human mind sends its message to the world, beyond the confines of its mortality, and the beauty conceived in the mind goes on, though the mind itself has ceased to be.

E. H. R.



A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA
See! A Reed 10

THE FIRST TEMPLES



*HE groves were God's first temples.
Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the archi-
trave,
And spread the roof above them—ere
he framed*

*The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible Majesty."*

From The Forest Hymn, by William Cullen Bryant



THE TROOPERS OF THE SKY



*XULTANT victors, wild
and high!
Through trackless ways
of morning light,
O'er boundless seas of
shining white*

*On rhythmic wing, the long ranks fly.
Far in the front, the leader calls,
While on the wind his troopers ride,
And down the lines the clear note falls—
His signal cry through spaces wide.*

*The storm-god forth his challenge flings
And darkness reigns from sea to sea,
While thousands from his anger flee;
But still the phalanx onward wings.
Brave comrades on the shoreless air!
Thine are the voices of the night,
But Northland pools are waiting fair,
With rest beyond thy weary flight.*

*So mortals wage a gallant fight,
'Gainst powers dark and greed for gold,
If on their upward way they hold
In high, clear air the royal right.
The way is long, the vict'ry far,
The heights are cold, the current strong,
But yonder gleams the guiding star
And 'neath it swells the conqueror's song.*

Elizabeth A. Reed

(Written for the Etching)

PLATE V



The Troopers of the Sky

ON STONY CREEK

PLATE VI



OLD APPLE TREES

PLATE VII



THE EDGE OF THE FOREST



THESE woods are never silent. In
the hush
Of the high places, solemnly there
goes
In endless undertone the stately rush
Of music—windy melody that grows
And ebbs and changes in uncertain time,
As if some pensive god tried here apart
Vague snatches of the harmonies divine
Before he played them on the human heart.

Warren Cheney.



A QUIET HOUR



*HIS quiet nook invites me, and my
boat*

*Glides onward silently 'til neath the
trees*

*It rests in shadow. Soft the evening
breeze*

*Among the listening reeds with solemn note
Begins the vesper hymn. The clouds that float
In violet skies bend low, in violet seas
To admire their imaged beauty and to ease
The heart with scenes of glory far remote.*

*The soul in Nature's restful beauty blessed,
From city's care and turmoil far away,
Forgets the insistent clamor of the day,
By all her soothing ministries caressed.
Best of her treasures, fraught with joy and power
To uplift the soul, Earth gives the quiet hour.*

Florence Holbrook

(Written for the Etching)



THE HOMING CALL



*HEAR the whir of wings,
I hear the homing call;
Homeward at eve He brings
His children, one and all.*

*And thou, my soul, when night
Glooms every prospect fair,
Shalt find thy home in sight
And fold thy pinions there.*

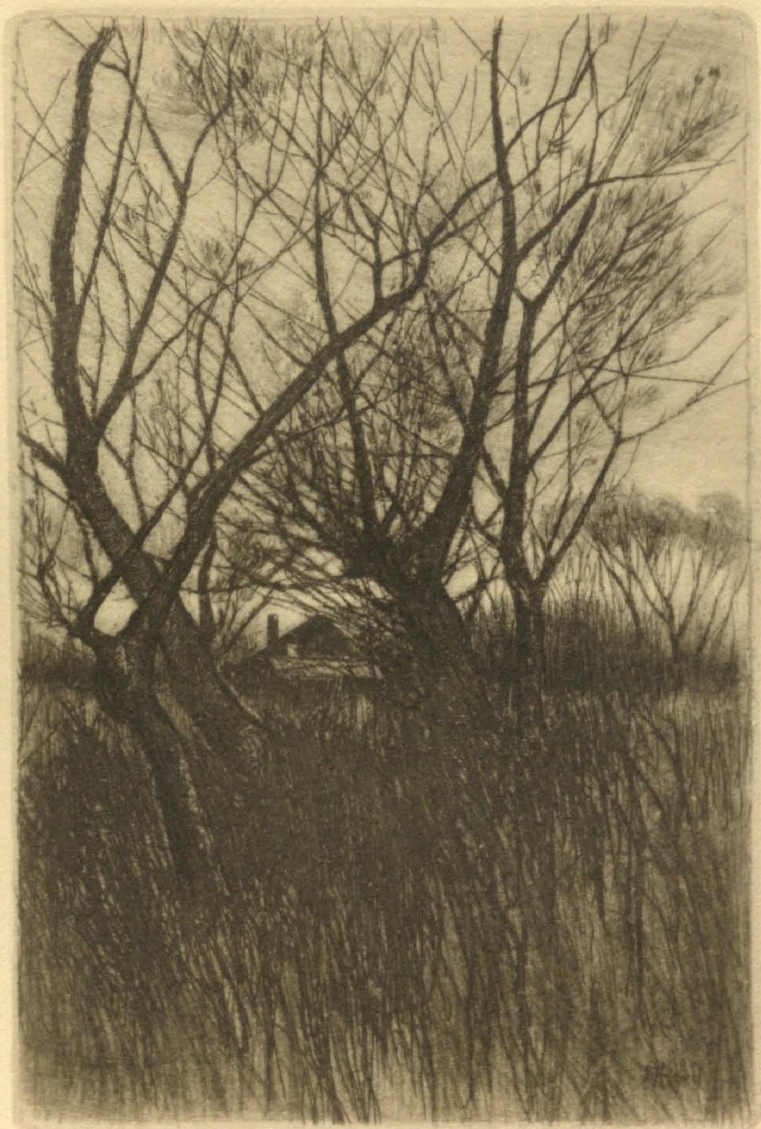
Charles G. Blanden

(Written for the Etching)

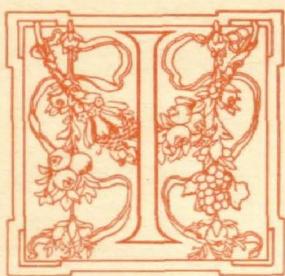


A ROADSIDE SKETCH

PLATE XI



SOLITUDE



*WONDER if in Arcady
Some shepherd listening, rapt,
On such a summer night,
Thought truly
Thy song, O sparrow dear, was surely
Great Pan's pipe?*

*I wonder if in Arcady
When Apollo's dropping flames
The heavens colored duskily
And dimly
With rose, if twilight were as lovely
Or as quiet?*

*This is my happy Arcady,
I the shepherd lingering, rapt.
O vesper bird, thy melody
Rings clearly—
What thrilling cadence falls so softly?—
'Tis Pan's pipe!*

Carrie Collins Reed

(Written for the Etching)



A CITY'S HIGHWAY

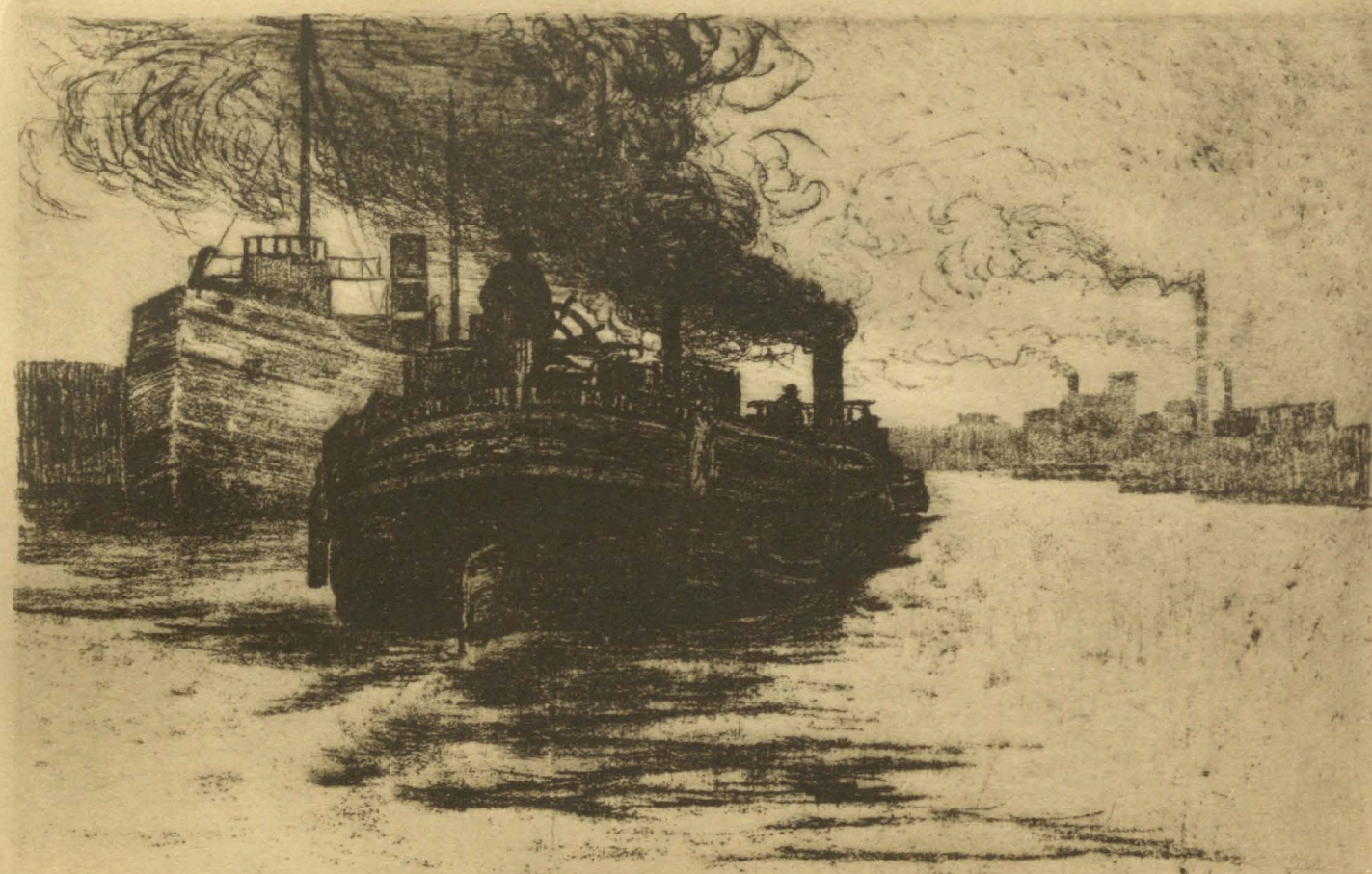


*PON the busy river, day by day,
The crowding vessels shoulder as
they pass;
The toil prosaic goes upon its way,
Grouping itself in struggling,
straining mass.*

*But when the burning sunset in the west
Dims into tender twilight's mystic gray,
The prose of life to poetry is blest—
And softly glows the city's great highway.*

Carolyn D. Tyler

(Written for the Etching)



A City's Highway

CHICAGO SMOKE

PLATE XIV



IN SOMEBODY'S ORCHARD

PLATE XV



In Somebody's Orchard

WILLOWS

PLATE XVI



AMONG THE SAND HILLS



*HE gold and purple pomp of Autumn's
plumes
Has passed in state beyond the farthest
hills;
And yet the Summer on the threshold
stays,
And turns again and, wistful,
lingers still.*

*The storms, now spent, have left a pallid sky
From which there falls the crows' marauding cry.
The fitful wind draws ripples on the sand
And breathes weird whispers where the grasses stand.*

—Bertha F. Gordon.

Written for the Etching)



Among the Sand Hills

A MEMORY OF THE DESPLAINES

PLATE XVIII



THE WITCHERY

PLATE XIX



The Witchery

MARSH HAYSTACKS.

PLATE XX



OLD COMRADES

PLATE XXI



THE CHICKEN LOT

PLATE XXII



A FISHERMAN'S HOME

PLATE XXIII



THE SPIRIT UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS



IGH Elohim, o'er waters dim and far
Thy holy spirit broods and brings
the day;
The bannered clouds Thy purple
curtains are
That hide Thee from the eye of man
away.

Each morn renews the first creative dawn;
The blooming tree, the babe unborn are stirred
By Thy warm-breathing power and man is drawn
To seek Thy face and listen for Thy word.

He strives to find Thee—as in days of old
Arjuna yearned to see dread Krishna's face—
Or Moses longed to look with eyes grown bold
In hunger for his god—yet none may trace
Thy form divine, or e'en Thy garments hold,
When robed in flame Thy suns roll on through space.

Carrie Collins Reed

(Written for the Etching)



NOVEMBER



*SUMMER has departed:—never that
summer to return; a great life has
passed into the tomb, and there, awaits
the requiem of winter's snows.*

Louis H. Sullivan





NOW ye what Etching is? It is to ramble
On copper; in a summer twilight's hour
To let sweet Fancy fiddle tunefully.
It is the whispering from Nature's heart,
Heard when we wander on the moor, or gaze
On the sea, on fleecy clouds of heaven, or at
The rushy lake when playful ducks are splashing;
It is the down of doves, the eagle's claw;
'Tis Homer in a nutshell, ten commandments
Writ on a penny's surface: 'tis a wish,
A sigh, comprised in finely chiseled odes,
A little image in its bird's-flight caught.
It is to paint on the soft gold hued copper
With sting of wasp and velvet of the wings
Of butterfly, by sparkling sunbeams glowed.
Even so the Etcher's needle, on its point,
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create.

Translated from the Dutch of C. Vosmaer by Holda

From Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers"

ULISYS



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